

Blood and Beauty

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Blood and Beauty

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Summary

There was nothing more beautiful, more exciting or lucid than watching Will Graham take the life of a human.

Based off the series: 'The Perks of Cliff Jumping'

Notes

This was a one-shot that I couldn't help but write despite it being half four in the morning.

Hannibal can't help but admire the way Will kills with him.

Kudos and comments are always appreciated <3

There was nothing more beautiful, more exciting or lucid than watching Will Graham take the life of a human.

His face was angry, passionate and cold.

His body, powerful and rippling. Despite his weaknesses, they all melted away the moment he went into action.

The way he handled the knife, tore it through flesh and had blood gushing onto his skin. He practically bathed in the blood of those he killed, took pleasure in feeling the heat of their life touch him.

Will may have an empathy disorder, but in this moment, there is nothing empathetic about it.

As a killer, Will may feel something for his victims but it is not the same thing he feels for those who kill beside him.

I should know, I'm standing beside him. Having just killed alongside him.

When their body fell to the ground, his attention went from his prey to his fellow predator and he smiled at me. It was callous but warm, sick but also healthy.

Will was both ashamed and proud of what he had done, it wouldn't be long before the only thing he felt was just pride though, I'd make sure of that.

I dropped the knife I had been holding weakly in my hand, hardly having kept a grip on it the moment I had watched Will finish off our victim. I stared at the ground, blood was practically everywhere.

Will Graham was a messy killer, so unlike myself. But that's why I loved him, because he had his own style. His own way.
His design.

Will was already building himself a profile and a beautiful profile it was.

I stepped through the blood, walked over to him as he stood over the body. His panting heavy as he wiped red off his lips, the blood having sprayed that far.

His hair was dripping in it, his curls saturated and sticking to his forehead.

The sight was nothing more than perfect to me, I loved seeing him like this.

"Will, was that good?" I decided to ask him, not needing to ask too many details as I could read them off his face like the detailed page of the book being written by both myself and Will.

Blue eyes crept up to meet mine and I saw the excitement in them. He was so exhilarated by what he had done, it had me shivering slightly.

He didn't reply, but I didn't really need a verbal answer. His fall into my embrace answered my question perfectly. My hands wrapped around his shaking body, feeling the heavy heat of the blood that was clinging to his clothes.

Our lips met and the taste was metallic, the red having mingled in Will's mouth. Not that I cared though, it only made me desire his kisses more. We were aroused and disorientated, our lips only ever parting to take in air before they were crashing once again.

"I feel.. Good"

Finally, a reply had met my ears and I looked at him curiously, his answer was simple and didn't offer a lot. I guess I could have assumed what he meant, but I wanted to press on.

"Why? Tell me why you feel good, Will"

My question seemed to disgruntle him, parting from my grasp and going over to the body where he pressed his foot into their back, disrespecting them. "Dirt.." He spat, his voice bitter as if he'd gargled vinegar.

The person we had killed, nothing more than a pervert, a paedophile which Will had been more than happy to have wiped off the earth. I could feel his pride overwhelming his shame. He was happy this person was dead.

"Yes" I replied, standing beside him over the body and pushing the toe of my foot against their spine to push them over onto their stomach. "They are dirt Will, and you have cleansed the earth of their filth"

Will's hand took mine and it squeezed, blood dripping through our fingertips and onto the ground below us. My eyes fell shut and I took in a deep breath, all I could smell was death in the cold air.

It felt good, the scent of death bringing me comfort. I was sure that Will felt the same too.

A head fell against my shoulder, Will was tired nonetheless. I pressed my lips into his red curls and smiled, hoping he could feel my happiness just as much as I could feel his.

"I want this to be the last, at least for a while Hannibal. Until Abigail arrives"

I looked down at Will, my head cocked to the side. "Did you not enjoy yourself?" My question was unavoidable; I was genuinely curious.

Will's eyes met mine again, the power that once resided in them was replaced with this maternal warmth that had my stomach flourishing at the idea of Will being so concerned over our child.

"Of course I did Hannibal, but I'm getting weaker. I struggled there, without your help. I would have surely failed to kill him; I don't want to be a hindrance in our hunts"

His head fell against my shoulder again and his hand tightened its grip, I nodded my head to show I understood him, though my heart fell a little to acknowledge this would be my last

hunt for a while.

Even though I had witnessed Will's power, it had not come to my attention that it may not have existed if I hadn't weakened our victim first.

Will was strong, but it was growing apparent that his once overcoming strength was fading as his weakness grew. It wouldn't be long until he was barely even able to move without my help.

It warmed me however, to acknowledge that Will depended on me now. That his lone wolf stature was now melting away as the idea of a pack grew closer and closer to existence.

We'd soon be a family and Will knew he couldn't isolate himself anymore.

The small pieces of light in the horizon told me that dawn was approaching, people would be emerging from their homes soon, the police soon notarised to the body currently lying in front of us.

I lifted Will's chin, brought his lips up to mine again and then smiled. "Come, let's go home"

It was a relief to see Will smile back at me, turning around with me to start walking as we began making our way along the streets.

I knew I had left my knife there, that we'd left enough evidence to convict us both. It didn't matter.

We weren't going to be staying in Paris much longer anyway.

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